



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

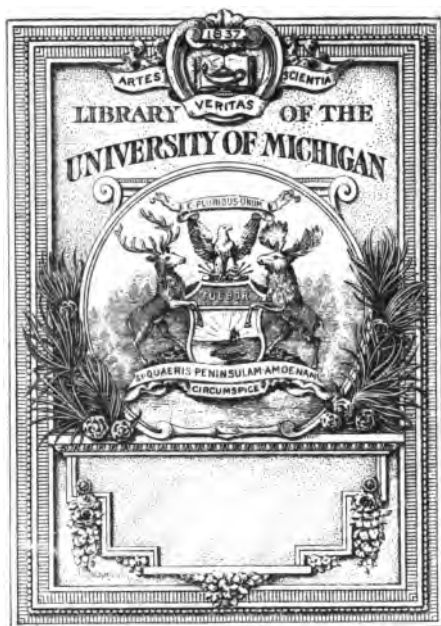
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

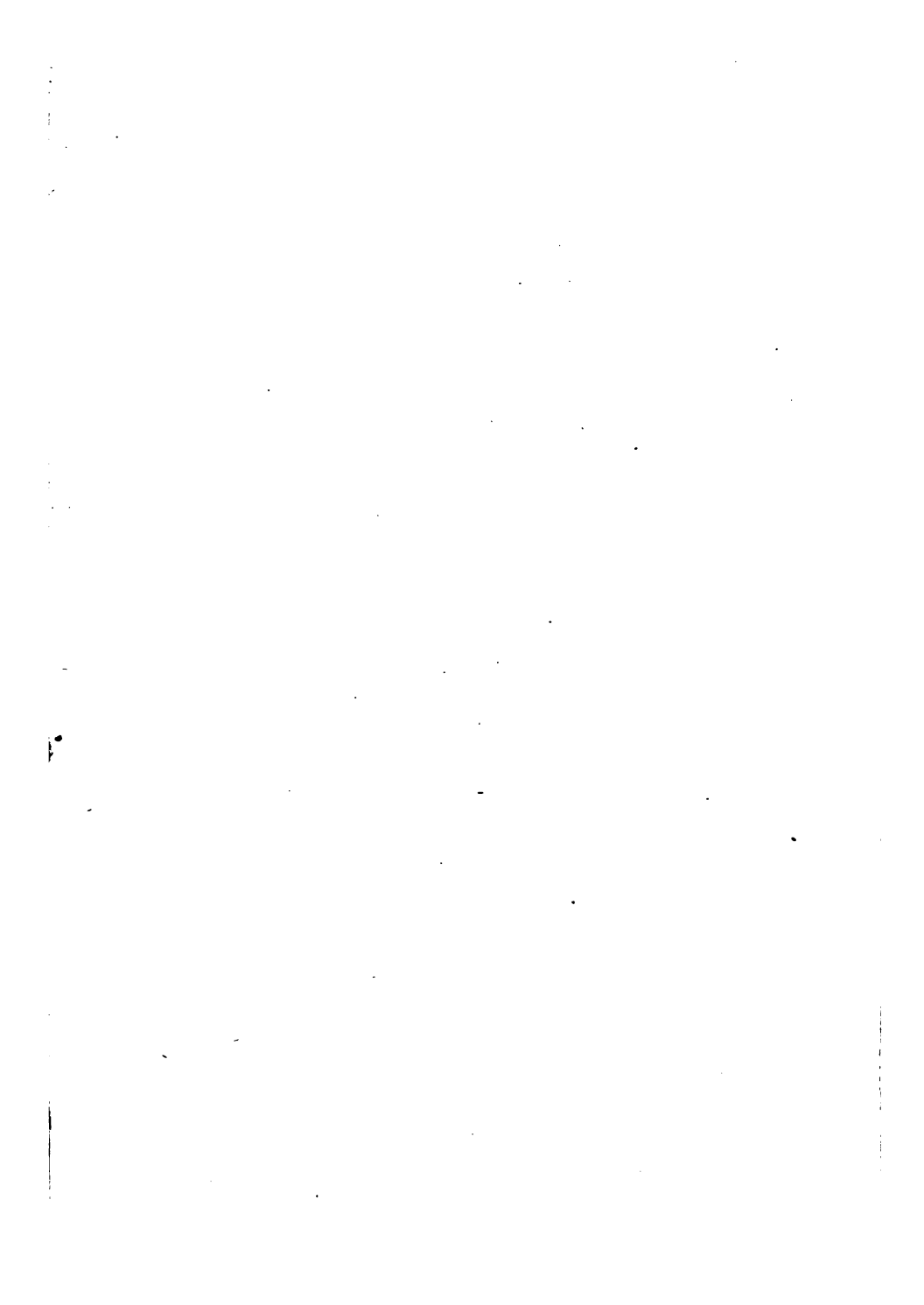


15-

828

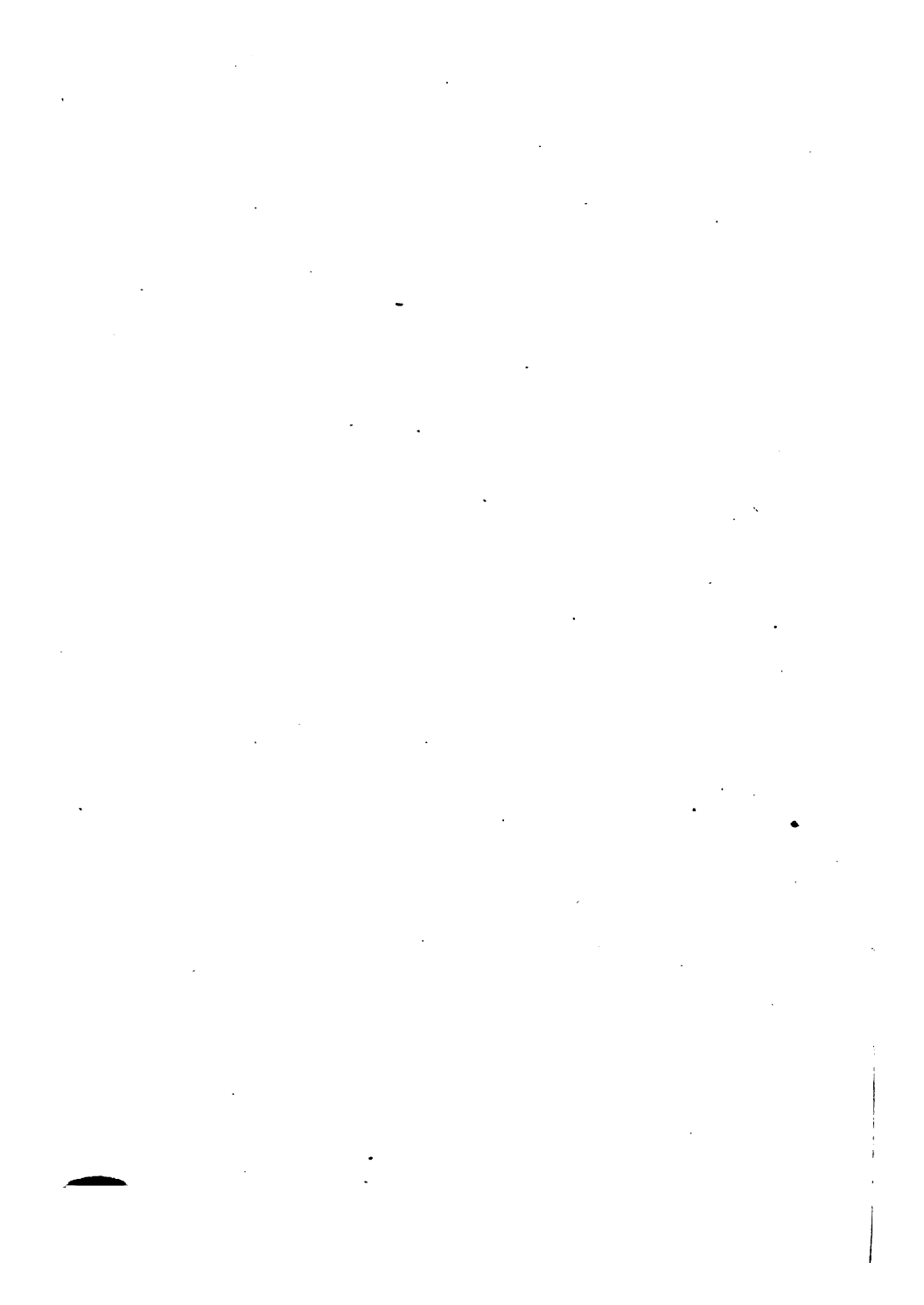
D26266



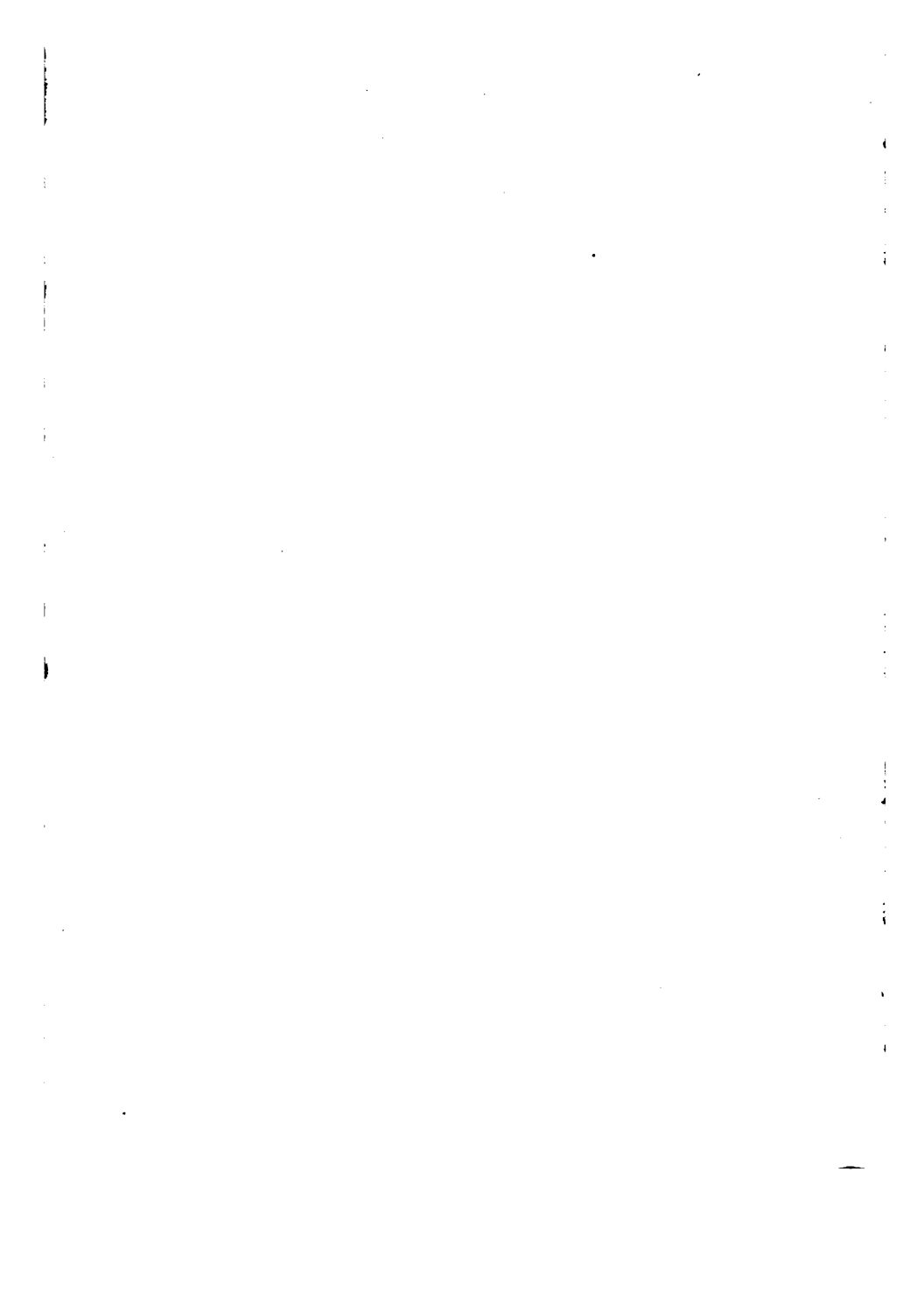














LE ROY G. DAVIS

# THE BOOKLET

OF THE

## GOLDEN RULE

BY



# THE BOOKLET OF THE GOLDEN LEAVES

---

BY LEROY G. DAVIS

---



*Published by.....*

B R O A D W A Y  
P U B L I S H I N G  
C O M P A N Y

835 Broadway New York

1904

---

Copyrighted, in 1904.

BY

LEROY G. DAVIS.

---

*All Rights Reserved.*

---

TO THE EARNEST WORKERS

IN

EVERY WALK OF LIFE

THIS BOOK

IS

DEDICATED.

5-1216105

140491





## PREFACE.

In submitting this little volume to the public, the author does not forget the fact that the subject treated is a very serious one, and one of great moment, demanding the best thought of the greatest thinkers of the time; nor does he forget the equally patent fact that it is presumption on his part to enter the lists. It is, however, his earnest belief that any material which tends, even though but slightly, towards a solution of this grave problem along equable lines, should be welcomed by all seekers after truth. In "fear and trembling," therefore, the author adds this bit of suggestion with the sincere wish that it may aid to some extent in bringing about a settlement of the question which shall be at once consistent with and helpful to the uninterrupted progress of the human race.

It is not intended, in any part of this poem, to cast a slur upon individuals or classes. Human nature is much the same in all men and classes of

men; so much so that a casual observer will admit that some of the most deluded anarchists, once given wealth and power, become the most heartless oppressors and are the first to forget the needs of the masses, while some of the greatest benefactors of the masses were born and raised in luxury, and use their wealth and position to better the condition of their less favored fellowmen. Whatever criticism may be deserved is deserved as individuals first, and classes afterwards. If a man is a man he will be a man wherever circumstances place him, and if he is not a man, it is hard to make a man of him in any vocation or profession.

THE AUTHOR.

# THE BOOKLET OF THE GOLDEN LEAVES.

---

## PRELUDE.

All greatness is envied by blackguards  
And "nothing succeeds like success."  
The richest, with wine in their tankards,  
Despise the poor dog who has less.  
With greatest contempt for the masses  
And thinking of naught save himself,  
The "Plutocrat" rides on his passes  
And gloats o'er his ill-gotten pelf.  
He lives his life only for pleasure  
And piling together of gold;  
He cares not for plaudits or censure,  
But seeks its increase many fold.  
  
With reckless, remorseless persistence,  
He follows the gold-beaten track,  
Not dreaming of rightful resistance  
And scorning to pause or look back.

## The Booklet of

He holds to his way without turning,  
Nor recks he the poor by the road  
Whose lives he has filled with heart-burning,  
Or swamped in the sin he has sowed.  
He sees, as he travels the highways,  
No laborers, suff'ring, oppressed;  
He takes them for steps in the byways  
By which his ascent has been blessed.

No man ever saw him but wondered  
If in him were found any good;  
Yet ninety-nine men of a hundred  
Would fain take his place if they could.

While labor enraged and excited,  
And blind in its fury and zest,  
Strikes hard that its wrongs may be righted  
And mangles its own mother's breast.  
Its vision, too clouded by passion,  
To see the real cause of its woe,  
All classes receive condemnation;  
It treats all mankind as its foe.  
Not stopping for murder or treason,  
Not counting the ground it has lost,  
Regarding not causes nor reason,  
Too desperate to care for the cost,

## The Golden Leaves.

3

By passionate hatred misguided,  
Imbued with a sense of its wrongs,  
Then chaos and riot collided,  
Binds labor anew with its thongs.  
The agonized cries of the bleeding  
Bring tears to the eyes of but few,  
For people are selfish, unheeding,  
Discarding the old for the new.  
All energy bent to the lifting  
Of self to the top of the hill  
Precludes giving aid to the drifting  
Allows them to sink where they will.

All men are now seeking preferment,  
Or lifts up the ladder of life;  
But all do not seek with discernment,  
Or stop at deception and strife.  
In trusts and in great combinations  
That seek to all products control,  
In gambling and huge speculations  
Which promise in riches to roll,  
With wild mining ventures like bubbles,  
Their stock without money or ore,  
And schemes that end only in troubles  
For poor who have savings in store,

## The Booklet of

Do men seek to glut their ambition  
For power and riches and place,  
Preparing their souls for perdition  
By crimes for the gallows too base.

All ages can boast of their martyrs  
As well as their prophets and seers,  
And men who are learned in matters  
'Bove average humanity's years.  
The socialist—grades without numbers—  
Have each a sure cure for the ill  
From doctor who some school encumbers  
To lecturer stumping at will,

They teach us that all things are common,  
That none should be rich and none poor,  
And nothing is crime against mammon  
So long as the looting is sure;  
The State should be always paternal  
And barring the highways to wealth,  
The fruitage of labor eternal,  
Perfection of physical health,  
Compelling the healthy to marry,  
The offspring the wards of the State;  
Some dreaming till haunts of the fairy  
Become all humanity's fate.

## The Golden Leaves.

5

To anarchy some men are turning  
In hopes of there finding a cure,  
Some men of great forethought and learning  
Who cannot the prospect endure.  
While anarchy, Satan, its master,  
Would deluge the earth in a flood  
Of terrible world-wide disaster  
And rivers of innocent blood;  
And make, to secure reformatations,  
A desert of populous lands,  
Reducing all social relations  
To those of uncivilized bands.

## PART FIRST.

## THE LETTER.

I received your speech and letter,  
Doctor Herrick, at my home;  
But I write within the shadow  
Of St. Paul's Cathedral dome,  
Where the life of good St. Mary,  
Ever helpful, right and pure,  
Gives me strength and hope and courage  
To decide and then endure.

Bound together with my heartstrings,  
Treasured close with love and dread,  
I have carried speech and letter  
With a heart forever dead,  
Carried far across the ocean  
Trusting God would give me light,  
Ere I reached my destination,  
To direct my course aright.



## The Golden Leaves

7

After deep investigation  
    Into this important theme,  
Deep for more than public reasons,  
    Deeper far than you would dream;  
For I felt my future hanging  
    On the depth of my research,  
Ever hoping, always fearing,  
    That the things your speech asserts  
I would find in truth and logic  
    Based upon these solid rocks  
And decide to battle with you  
    Recking not who jeers or mocks,

I have come to my conclusion  
    'Gainst your very clever art,  
'Gainst the fire in your speeches  
    'And the pleadings of my heart.  
You are doing, I am minded,  
    Wrongs your life may ne'er repair,  
Working with the shades of hades  
    Leading men to black despair.  
There should certain wrongs be righted,  
    Though not all you claim is wrong.  
Would you spoil the fruits of ages,  
    Rooted deep and growing strong

To eradicate the thistles  
Rooted in the surface soil,  
Which could just as well be loosened  
With a trifle of the toil?

You are drifting far and farther  
Down the socialistic stream,  
Cutting loose the ties that bind you  
Close to every solid beam,  
Steering straight toward the vortex  
Of rank anarchism's aim.  
Seeking not to help the people,  
Blinded by your lust for fame,  
Overlooking potent factors  
Which develop human thought,  
Disregarding points of weakness,  
Which will bring your plans to naught,  
Plunging headlong to your ruin,  
Trying hard to drag the race  
Into certain ruin with you  
At the same soul-blighting pace.

Is the progress made so trifling  
In enlightened thought and deed,  
In developed human nature,  
Bending earth to human need;

## The Golden Leaves.

9

Is the wisdom of the ages  
In our governmental plan,  
All so utterly repugnant  
To the highest good of man,  
'As to call for abrogation  
'And uprooting to the last  
Of our dearest institutions,  
Deeply grounded in the past,  
Of those ancient laws and customs  
Permeating ev'ry part  
Of our grand old social fabric,  
Ev'ry industry and art,  
Making for the truer freedom  
Of the brotherhood of man  
With the heaven born ambition  
To be working in the van?  
I have come to think so deeply  
On this great life work of yours  
That I cannot separate you  
From your evil working tours.  
'And I cannot join you in them  
Nor, indeed, become your wife;  
For I deem it wrong to marry  
One who thus devotes his life.

1000

10

## The Booklet of

Thus our dreams of love are ended,  
Sacrificed to higher aims,  
Sacrificed to sense of duty,  
Arbiter of conscience claims.

\* \* \* \* \*

W. H. O. U.

INTERLUDE.

'Amazed, he the letter reread,  
    Unable to realize all,  
Too dazed and with heart as of lead,  
    To brace to the force of the fall.  
Disgusted, indignant and stunned  
    To almost the verge of despair,  
Accused of the thing he had shunned,  
    The trend of his life-work laid bare,  
The light of his life shining dim  
    Through mist that enveloped his soul,  
A face worthy Raphael to limn  
    As doubt o'er his countenance stole.

## PART SECOND.

## THE VISION.

Numbed and cold, the Doctor wrestled  
With his fate, in grim despair,  
Till the wee small hours of morning  
Found him, trance like, in his chair.  
Bruised and limp his heart lay bleeding  
At the feet of changeless Fate,  
Lost and gone his great ambition,  
Love for man all turned to hate.  
Then, behold! an apparition,  
Bright and dazzling, kindly, grand,  
With the presence of an angel  
Come to bless a famished land.  
In his right hand, raised in warning,  
Holding high a wand of gold,  
In his left a golden Booklet  
Past and future in its fold.

## The Golden Leaves.

13

Doctor Herrick, lost in wonder,  
At the apparition bold,  
Would have fallen down to worship  
But the angel bade him hold.  
"Son of earth, behold thy servant  
Come to be thy friend and guide;  
For to them that want and seek it,  
Wisdom ne'er shall be denied."  
"Oh, thou angel of Jehovah,  
With thy heav'nly gift of sight,  
Knowest thou that I am groping  
For one little ray of light.  
In the darkness of this moment  
I am paralyzed with fear,  
Blinded by the dust of ages,  
Frantic for the skies to clear."  
"Then arise, and, as the measure  
Of thy burdened heart's desire,  
Shall I grant thee light and wisdom;  
Let them purge thee as by fire."  
And the angel took his booklet,  
Opened at the title page,  
Which was "Earth, Its Past and Present.  
Written by the Spirit, Age."

Then the eyes of Doctor Herrick,  
With his golden wand he pressed:  
"Oh, thou favored son of woman,  
Be above thy brothers blessed.  
With the eyes of light and wisdom—  
Pray that they may ever last—  
Look thou, now, upon this landscape  
Showing man in ages past."

Doctor Herrick's eyes were opened  
On a scene so vast, sublime,  
That, enrapt, he gazed upon it  
Unrebuked by lapse of time;  
Wooded streams of limpid water,  
Gurgling brooks and placid lakes,  
Hills and mountains, plains and valleys,  
Wild lagoons and wilder brakes,  
Mantled by a growth of verdure,  
Unrestrained, in nature free,  
Grandly shrouding plain and mountain,  
Cov'ring earth from sea to sea.  
But he raised his eyes in question,  
For in all that world of scene  
Not a human habitation  
Showed where man had ever been.



## The Golden Leaves.

15

"Look again, thou doubting Thomas;  
And remember thou art free  
To retain this pleasant picture  
For thy very own in fee."  
And the Doctor looked more closely  
And behold a change had spread  
O'er this vast unbroken country,  
For the wilderness had fled.

Over all that lovely landscape,  
Dotting prairie, lake and stream,  
Nestled villages and cities  
Bright and thrifty did they seem,  
Covered thick with farms and villas,  
Gorgeous hues of tree and vine,  
Blending well with spacious buildings,  
Homes of beautiful design;

Herds of thrifty sheep and cattle,  
Fields of waving, golden grain,  
And away in misty distance  
Came the welcome summer rain.  
Doctor Herrick heard the laughter  
Of the children at their play,  
Heard the housewife's happy singing  
To the welcome close of day,

Saw the smile of satisfaction  
On the workman's rugged face  
Who, at thought of wife and baby,  
Hurried home with increased pace;  
Saw with beating heart, the lovers  
As they wandered, loth to part,  
Stopping here and there, enraptured,  
By some silly Cupid's dart.

"Closer still and be not hasty,"  
Said the messenger of Light;  
As the Doctor turned to comment  
On the wonders of the sight.  
"This the land God made for mortals  
Where in course of human life,  
To prepare for life eternal  
By consistent growthful strife,  
Not the least of life's real objects  
Being thus to teach the soul  
To appreciate the blessings  
Of a cross-won heav'nly goal."

On more close examination,  
Doctor Herrick, filled with awe,  
Found the lesson of this picture  
On the lines of Social law.

## The Golden Leaves.

17

From the fertile plain below them  
Rose a series of plateaus,  
Terraced from the level lowlands  
To the mountains bright with snows.

Peopled were the fertile lowlands  
By an honest working class,  
Working hard and all ambitious,  
Aiming high above the mass,  
Seeming well content and happy,  
For the most part with their lot,  
Looking not to gather fruitage  
Where they knew they had not wrought.

Some, 'tis true, were discontented,  
Cursing men on higher plains,  
For their own ill luck in business.  
Oft'ner due to lack of pains,  
Too absorbed in useless efforts  
To advance above their kind  
To observe the laws of nature  
Where success the others find;  
But by far the larger portion  
Of the people living here  
Slowly, steadily were climbing  
To the higher plateau near.

On the plateau next above them  
Dwelt a people, hardy, free,  
All surrounded with more comforts  
Luxuries, even, wont to see;  
Better labor, brighter prospects,  
Larger farms and finer homes,  
Greater cities, more cathedrals,  
All with taller, larger domes;  
Mostly, too, content and happy,  
Making use as best they might  
Of the chances for advancement  
To be seen by nature's light.

Some, however, like their neighbors,  
Discontented there below,  
And for very like their reasons,  
Held successful men their foe.  
Notwithstanding some were trying  
Unfair means to make their way  
To the higher plains above them,  
Scheming hard both night and day,  
Much the greater mass of people,  
Climbing slowly up the steep,  
Aimed to work for life hereafter  
And to nature's methods keep.

## The Golden Leaves.

19

And the next plateau was peopled  
By a class of higher grade  
Having more of life's real blessings  
More that, "living, does not fade."  
Still on long and close inspection,  
Now and then a man was seen  
Whose position there was doubtful  
And whose course was steeped in sin.

On successive elevations  
Climbing higher ever bent  
Even o'er the snow-capped mountains,  
Faith in which seemed heaven-sent,  
Men of sturdy mien were living  
Similar in speech and race,  
Only in the grand advancement  
They had reached a higher place;  
Working out their destination  
In contentment, peace and love,  
Working, too, in fear and trembling,  
For eternal life above.

All who lived above the lowlands  
Made their way from plains below,  
Some, indeed, then next the mountains,  
Started life at tidal flow.

But with these as with the others  
There was here and there a man  
Who would shun the rugged pathway  
And the steps in nature's plan,  
And unfairly take possession,  
In his haste to gain the heights,  
Of the steps of honest climbers,  
Disregarding common rights.

Glancing, then, above the mountains,  
Doctor Herrick trembled, fell;  
For, beyond, in awful grandeur,  
Was the judgment, death and hell.

Guarded round about with angels,  
In a cloud, with heaven's might,  
Yet with peace and love unmeasured  
Shining from each feature bright,  
Dazzling, grand, in regal splendor  
On this resurrection morn,  
Came the Christ to sit in judgment  
On a race in sin forlorn.  
Lost and saved in countless millions  
Crowded spacious judgment hall,  
Knowing not till Christ's appearing  
What to each might yet befall.

But, at once, the cloud dividing,  
    Tinged with crimson bars of light,  
Lo, the Christ in all his glory!  
    Earth and Heaven cheered the sight.  
  
Saint and sinner in the Savior,  
    With his now transfigured cross,  
Saw without the aid of crier  
    What was gold and what but dross.  
Waiting not for proclamation,  
    Eyes downcast with shame of guilt,  
Slunk away to death and hades,  
    All whose claims on sand were built.  
So the humble, earnest climbers  
    In that face their title read,  
And on shining wings of angels  
    Followed where the Master led.  
  
"Rightly readest thou this chapter  
    Of the book of human life,  
Or art blinded by the presence  
    Of the thieves' unholy strife?"  
"Yes, indeed," the Doctor answered,  
    As new light o'erspread his face,  
"It illustrates nature's method  
    Of developing the race.

“Not a person in that country  
Lacks incentive, room for growth,  
And success is never given  
To the negligent or sloth.  
Human efforts are rewarded  
By a lavish nature’s hand,  
And the race’s motto, progress,  
Guides the people of that land.  
But they ought to stop the robbers  
Who climb not by honest brawn,  
But appropriate the vantage  
Of industry not their own.”

“Yes, they ought,” replied the angel,  
“But in truth, though sad to say,  
People do not always reason,  
These prefer another way.”  
Then the golden wand descended,  
And, as under magic spell,  
Doctor Herrick’s eyelids trembled  
Over sightless eyes and fell.  
Though for only half an instant,  
Were the Doctor’s eyes to rest,  
For the wand again descended  
And his eyelids gently pressed.



"In the light of inspiration  
Now behold the present time.  
Be ye thankful thou art free from  
That engulfing mud and slime."  
And the Doctor's eyes were opened  
On that scene, before so grand;  
Time had written many changes  
On his restless plastic sand.

In a most unholy scramble  
For the fruits of power and place  
People largely had forgotten  
How to nature's pathway trace.  
Being far too quick and eager  
To attain the highest ground,  
To engage in earnest climbing,  
Of God's ladder round by round,  
They had built great elevators  
With enormous powers to lift,  
But which lacked discrimination,  
Or ability to sift.  
Very few were still a-climbing,  
In the good old-fashioned way,  
And their efforts were much hindered  
By the constant push and sway

Of the multitudes of people,  
Who were rushing to and fro,  
Crowding out the way, each other,  
Giving, taking, blow for blow,  
In a mostly vain endeavor  
To obtain and hold a place  
In the swiftest elevators,  
Guaranteed to blot out space.

"It is now a scene of horror,"  
Doctor Herrick gasped, amazed,  
"With its lines of growth restricted,  
And its people all but crazed!"  
Little wonder that the Doctor,  
Stood in horror at the sight,  
For the scene spread out before him  
Showed the race in hopeless plight.  
In their haste to reach the doorway  
Of each elevator shaft,  
People crowded in vast numbers  
Panting, raging, seeming daft.  
Heedless of the rights of others,  
Very like great angry mobs,  
Pushing, pulling, scolding, striking,  
Surging up in monstrous throbs.

Some were trampled, dead and dying,  
Scattered, bleeding on the ground,  
Getting neither aid nor comfort  
From their fellows, cursing 'round;  
Never heeding a reminder  
Of the slow but surer way,  
And regarding life as worthless,  
Unless lived a year a day.

Maimed for life, disheartened, helpless,  
Some were giving up all hope,  
Holding life in death as painless,  
Ending theirs with knife or rope,  
While the strongest men and cunning,  
Often at the very gate  
Were with awful force resistless,  
Swept away as if by fate.

None were there who seemed contented,  
Even when, with all their rush,  
They had reached a higher level,  
By such means that one should blush;  
But at once upon arrival  
At another higher plain,  
Disregarding ev'ry warning,  
They received in fortune's train,

Waiting not to take their bearings,  
All too soon they wished they had,  
Pushing, crowding to the station,  
They began again like mad.

And the noise from this commotion  
Now had reached the Doctor's ears;  
Far from being reassuring,  
Served it to increase his fears.  
As it grew from just a murmur  
To a sound distinct and loud,  
Rising even to the heavens,  
On the wings of fleecy cloud,  
And with broad and deep vibrations  
Floating up from sea to height,  
Filling space through all creation—  
Mortal groan of helpless Night.

Thus the sounds took form and accents,  
And in tones of deepest woe,  
Came the cry from wayward people  
Gone astray and fallen low.  
Doctor Herrick, all attention,  
Eager now to grasp the thought,  
Knew full well that reformation  
Would with danger, great, be fraught.

"Make the country one great level.

Let all things be made anew.

Let the Government, the people,

Own all things, and all things do;

That in all our wealth and vantage,

Ev'ry one may share alike,

All the people ranking equal,

Never more to mob or strike."

As he heard this burst of anguish

From a people, bleeding, crushed,

Lo, the wand his vision darkened,

And that fearful cry was hushed.

Strange were Doctor Herrick's feelings,

Mingled pity, doubt and pain,

Worry for the people's future,

Sorrow deep for maimed and slain.

Could or would the great Jehovah

Yield the masses their demand?

Could the race be aught progressive

In a flat and treeless land?

Though this strange demand, in substance,

Voiced the thought the Doctor preached,

Yet in doubtful mood he waited

When the final test he reached.

Then with magic, quick and noiseless,  
Was a golden leaflet turned,  
Showing man's prospective future,  
From a past with bridges burned.

Slowly now his eyes were opened,  
On a plain, so flat and wide,  
Not with all the help of magic  
Could he see the farther side.  
Long and earnestly he viewed it,  
Ere he thought to make reply;  
But as deeper grew impressions,  
Came a partly smothered sigh.

Spread in panoramic beauty  
Ocean wide, from sea to sea,  
One great stretch of level country,  
Lay before him, forest free.  
Not a mountain, hill or valley,  
Or so much as swale or knoll,  
To relieve the awful sameness  
So depressing to the soul.

But in nature's dispensations  
All mankind alike must share;  
No need now for ceaseless climbing,  
Less for lifts which only snare.

## The Golden Leaves.

29

Yet the plain was not productive,  
    Though remunerating toil,  
Bearing only average fruitage  
    From a very fertile soil.  
And the state of cultivation  
    Though of standard rather low,  
Was the same throughout the country  
    And its progress seeming slow.  
  
Not too thickly was it peopled,  
    By a race of fine physique,  
Well developed by selection,  
    Rather than by climate bleak.  
Handsome men and pretty women  
    Saw the Doctor with delight,  
Like of which were scarcely dreamed of  
    In the land of day and night.  
Sturdy, healthy, happy children  
    Played in crowds on public ground  
As if something near perfection  
    In their training schools were found.  
  
Parceled out by graveled roadways  
    Into thousand acre fields,  
Done with care to average labor  
    But without regard to yields

## The Booklet of

Was that part of all this country  
Which responded to the plow,  
Grand affairs in public farming  
Tilled as well as men knew how.

All farm dwellings were in clusters,  
Built and painted from one plan,  
Yards and fences, all out buildings  
Made as like as builders can;  
Made for comfort, neat and modest,  
Were these farmers' dwellings all,  
Yet possessing much of beauty  
In their gables broad and tall.

In the center of each cluster,  
Built with square unbroken wall,  
Was a large unsightly building  
Used as common dining hall.  
In the fields the men were working  
Patiently in squads of ten.  
Each of these was under foreman  
Held to answer for his men.  
At the head of these were captains,  
Having each a farm in charge,  
Held to certain stint of labor  
Not to lessen nor enlarge.



## The Golden Leaves.

31

Quite content in public kitchen,  
Near the central dining hall,  
Was a portion of the women  
Making meals for workers all.  
And employed in other places  
At some work within their strength,  
Other women, well contented,  
Worked their task its weary length.

All were working to a system  
Like the men, with one great head.  
Many questions of the household  
Were to them forever dead.  
“Work our stint and then be merry,”  
Was the motto of them all,  
With entire lack of worry  
Over neighbor’s rise or fall.

“This is strange,” said Doctor Herrick,  
“Just as I have longed to see.  
More familiar with this country  
I should greatly like to be.”  
“And you may on one condition,”  
Gravely, now, the angel spoke  
“Utter not a word of comment  
In the presence of this folk.”

Doctor Herrick, pleased, consented;  
And, on close inspection bent,  
With the holy angel guiding,  
Over farms and towns they went.  
Swift as thought through space they glided,  
Wingéd by the magic wand,  
Flitting here and there as needed  
That to search the land respond.  
Minds unclouded by the progress  
Of the quickly changing scene,  
Blessed by ev'ry aid to research,  
Seeing, yet not being seen.

"All these farmers," said the angel,  
"Labor eight short hours a day,  
For the state they do this labor,  
Getting neither share nor pay.  
Furnished all their food and clothing  
At their government's expense,  
Lacking nothing known as comforts  
To your men of thought and sense.

"For the rest, the faithful workers  
Use their time as they desire,  
But may not engage in business,  
Neither may they work for hire.

These same rules apply to labor,  
Of the muscle and the mind,  
Of degrees of all descriptions,  
And of whatsoever kind;  
While the fruits of all this labor  
Go to fill the public tills,  
And to pay for great improvements  
Sought to cure human ills."

"What a chance for mental culture,"  
Said the Doctor in surprise.  
"I should judge this much blessed people  
Would be more than passing wise."  
"Thou'rt mistaken, Doctor Herrick,  
In the nature of the race,  
And thou easily can see it,  
While we view this public place."  
As he spoke, they turned and listened,  
Hearing music from afar.  
Presto! they were at the entrance,  
Finding neither gate nor bar.

Quickly with the crowd they mingled,  
Closely watching feats and games,  
Racing, boxing, jumping, climbing,  
Sports with long unheard-of names.

Though these sports, these grand athletics,  
Might have added much to both,  
They developed brawn and muscle,  
Adding naught to mental growth.  
"All to muscle," sighed the Doctor,  
As, at last, they turned away,  
"Where we look for thought and culture  
Find we sober men at play."

"All their railways," said the angel,  
As they crossed a grand trunk line,  
"Ev'ry mode of transportation,  
Ev'ry industry, in fine,  
Is a governmental function,  
And conducted like their farms.  
By a comprehensive system,  
Which all rivalry disarms.

"Formerly a great republic,  
Governed in the people's name,  
Now they bow to laws and customs  
They can neither change nor frame.  
Rigid system, once established,  
Reaching ev'ry phase of life,  
Made at once secure, paternal,  
Rend'ring needless, human strife."

"But the people seem contented,"  
Thoughtfully the man replied.  
"Yes, indeed!" returned the angel,  
"They are more than satisfied.  
They have lost their old ambition,  
In their labor to excel,  
They are thinking now of pleasure,  
All their wants supplied too well."

Now the earnest Doctor Herrick  
And his kindly angel guide  
Had explored this leveled country,  
Even to the farther side;  
They had seen the sturdy workmen  
At their pastimes and their toil,  
People of the cities mingle  
With the tillers of the soil;

Noticed how the workers labored  
In their slow machine-like way,  
Doing nothing not required,  
Looking not for praise or pay.  
Still the Doctor's mind was puzzled,  
As they turned to wander back;  
In this great paternal country  
Of some things there seemed a lack.

"Where are all the men of letters,  
Science, statesmanship and art?  
Surely so advanced a people  
Should give these a leading part."  
"They are gone," replied the angel,  
"Lo these many hundred years,  
Needed not by men and women  
Who have neither hopes nor fears  
Of the higher steps in science,  
Nor of coming social storm,  
And whose only thought of beauty  
Is the perfect human form.

"Having all their comforts furnished,  
Troubled not by single thought,  
For the needfuls of the morrow,  
Or success the day has wrought;  
They develop not the mental  
But the physical in life,  
Having not the least incentive  
For the keener mental strife.  
True they seem content and happy,  
Caring not their lot to change,  
So are 'dumb, unthinking cattle,'  
That have free and grassy range."

## The Golden Leaves.

37

Next they spied a spacious building,  
Built of jasper, polished bright,  
Flanked by avenues of roses  
On the left and on the right.  
Round the entrance to this structure,  
Woven well in neat design,  
Grew in beautiful profusion  
Wreaths of rose and columbine.  
Arching high o'er front and doorway  
Thing of beauty, spring to fall,  
Writ in growing rose-wreath letters,  
Was the legend, "Marriage Hall."

"In this country," said the angel,  
"Healthy men are made to mate.  
Up to twenty-five, if perfect,  
They may freely choose their fate;  
Then the State compels selection  
Of the men remaining free  
By those women found entitled  
At the age of twenty-three,  
Proper mating being taken  
By their men of high degree  
As a guard 'gainst many evils  
And of love a guarantee."

Interested more than ever

Now, the Doctor with his guide,  
Hastened through the open doorway  
To convenient place inside.

At a desk of polished onyx,  
Pleased and bland a parson sat,  
At his right a sweet-faced matron,  
Of this hall the autocrat.

Down the hall for half a furlong  
Stretched a line of anxious men;  
Sober-faced, in doubt, they waited,  
Weakly smiling now and then,  
Glancing now at frescoed ceiling,  
Now at cupids in the floor,  
And with ill-success avoiding,  
Staring at a certain door.

From this doorway near the matron  
Came a maiden, slender, tall.

Beautiful as Eve in Eden,  
On the morn before the fall.

With a word of admonition  
From the matron, as she passed,  
Swiftly down the line she glided,  
Even to the very last.



Then with eager, wistful glances,  
And with shapely hands upraised:  
"Twas for you I long have waited.  
For this moment, God be praised."

"But you would not long have waited,  
Had I known your heart was mine;  
For such love could ne'er be questioned  
Looking through such eyes as thine."  
Hand in hand they then proceeded  
To the waiting parson's place,  
Furtive glances at each other  
Bringing smiles to ev'ry face.

"Promise now to 'love and honor.'"  
Then the parson's brow grew stern,  
"And to sacrifice thy children  
To the State ye both must learn.  
If ye prove to be unsuited,  
Each may try another mate,  
But in any case your offspring  
Shall become the wards of State.  
Having clasped your hands in wedlock,  
I pronounce you man and wife.  
Each should strive to please the other,  
Not for honey-moon, for life."

Scarcely had the parson finished  
When another lovely maid  
Started down the "Walk of Cupids,"  
Plainly eager, yet afraid.  
Slowly first, then fast and faster,  
Till she reached the end in doubt.  
When she turned, the shouts of laughter  
Filled the monster hall throughout.

Glancing shyly at the people,  
Who were watching ev'ry move,  
She retraced her steps more slowly,  
Needing naught her strength to prove  
Half way up the line, she faltered,  
Quickly turned with firm, set lips,  
Then, with confident decision,  
Touched an arm with finger tips.

Great surprise and consternation  
Seemed to strike the lucky man,  
And his face shone brightly scarlet  
Through a heavy coat of tan.  
Near a minute passed in silence  
Ere the man could utter sound;  
Then, with beaming smile of pleasure,  
Unassumed, his tongue he found.

"With delight in greatest measure

And with admiration true,

I will gladly be your husband,

All my life shall be for you."

Thus were made for Hymen's altar

Sacrifice of human hearts,

Deemed to be of those good unions

Made by faith which love imparts.

For an hour Doctor Herrick

Watched the scene in thoughtful mood,

Noting well the plan in detail

And deciding it was good.

Then a maid came through the doorway

Holding kerchief to her face,

Led by servant to the matron,

Acting strangely out of place.

Form and carriage seemed familiar—

Oddly so, the Doctor thought.

"Can a person, soul and body,

From another world be brought?"

As she pleaded with the matron,

From her eyes the kerchief fell

And the sight that met the Doctor

Was of all his hopes the knell.

There with face still red with weeping  
Buried love her only plea,  
Picture of most deep dejection,  
Stood the Doctor's fiancée.

To her knees in supplication  
Bent the maid in great despair.  
"I will be your slave," she murmured,  
"Save me from this awful snare.  
Hold me e'en to lifelong penance,  
Anything, howe'er severe,  
Only do not make me marry  
One I ne'er can love nor fear."

"I can do but little for you,"  
Was the Matron's sad reply.  
"This is now the law of nations,  
'Twill not bend for you nor I;  
Not for us to blame or question,  
Nor to seek to change the law,  
But resign ourselves to suffer  
What may please our Fates to draw."  
Crazed with grief and disappointment,  
She arose as one asleep,  
Going down the line as ordered,  
Too much dazed to cry or weep.

Thrice the line she passed, unheeding  
Glance or smile of any man,  
While the Doctor, white with anger,  
Cursed his guide's restraining ban.

Then the herald called the maiden  
From the seeming fruitless task,  
And by lot was drawn a husband—  
Heinous crime with legal mask.  
Great was Doctor Herrick's anguish,  
Grated hard his teeth with rage.  
"Monstrous system," thought the Doctor,  
"In such practice to engage."

When the herald led the couple  
To the parson—smiling still,  
All unmoved by Olga's weeping,  
Faith supreme in conquered will,  
And the dreadful words were hanging  
On this heartless parson's lips,  
Taken in by Doctor Herrick  
As doomed death its poison sips,  
Purple-faced and eyes like lightning,  
Veins protruding cordlike lines,  
Bursting with the flames within him,  
Heeding not the magic signs,

Doctor Herrick, wildly frantic,  
Pushing all restraint aside,  
Deigning not to ask permission  
From his erstwhile friend and guide,  
Desperation in the effort,  
Sprang upright upon his feet,  
Leaving vision—all—behind him  
On the quitting of his seat.

Deathlike, in complete exhaustion,  
Sank the Doctor to his chair,  
With a most profound impression  
Of the vision vouchsafed there.  
Long and earnestly he pondered  
On the light the vision shed  
Round about the course and sequence  
Of reforms he would have led,  
Doubting not its inspiration,  
Seeking only for the right,  
Now resolved to guide his future  
By this higher, clearer light.

PRELUDE TO PART THIRD.

The seedling of the giant oak  
In Winter's cold embrace  
Feels naught of hope nor sees in life  
For it a use or place.  
Deprived of leaves, benumbed with cold,  
A seeming lifeless twig,  
No rift in clouds for it appears,  
Nor chance to e'er grow big.

Discouraged, lost beyond recall,  
Involved in deepest woe,  
It bows its head in black despair,  
Its blood has ceased to flow.  
It faces frost and storm alike  
With grim and hopeless mien,  
Prepared to meet with any fate  
In coldest Winter's train.

But when the breeze from Southern clime  
Doth warm its earthy bed  
And rays from all sustaining Sun  
Doth kiss its tiny head,  
Its blood leaps up, imbued with life,  
Its heart renewed with hope,  
It wonders why, though stiff with cold,  
In darkness it could grope.

With strength of purpose far beyond  
The limit of its first  
It starts its life the second year  
For great results athirst,  
No more to doubt the All-wise One,  
Who ordained ice and snow,  
But said "thus far mayst use thine art,  
But further must not go."

And man, in God's own image, made  
Of all creation king,  
With attributes and intellect  
'Bove ev'ry living thing,  
When close beset by things adverse,  
With thick'ning clouds o'erhead  
And by his own perverted will  
In deeper gloom is led,



## The Golden Leaves.

47

Yet lacks the faith to bridge the gulf  
Or see the other side,  
And, like the seedling of the oak,  
Awaits what fates decide ;  
And, like the seedling, needs the light,  
The "sunlight of the soul,"  
To waken life, sustain his faith,  
And all his wits enroll.

## PART THIRD.

## THE REPLY.

It is said by some, dear Olga,  
That through scarce a feather's weight  
Lives are changed for worse or better  
By some influence of fate.  
Some do call it accidental;  
Others, fortune, luck and chance,  
While still others feel within them  
It has part in God's advance;  
That the great and all-wise Ruler,  
Ever working to an end,  
Makes the lives of all His creatures  
With His own great purpose blend.

Thus, the seeing of a vision—  
Some might call it all a dream—  
Changed the current of my future,  
Like the channel of a stream

Which is turned to higher uses  
By great engineering skill,  
Making forceful lifeless matter  
Lend itself to forceful will.

Now I view the race's future  
From a new and higher ground—  
Ground which now appears too plainly  
I should long ago have found.  
Still I see the bleeding people  
Crushed by overweening greed  
Of the selfish money-seeker,  
Of the monstrous trust the seed.

Still the soulless corporation,  
Run by men with conscience dead,  
Feeding on the wealth extorted  
From the people they have bled,  
Grinding down defenseless labor  
To the lowest living wage,  
Driving out of trade and commerce  
All who honestly engage.  
This, thank God, cannot be stated  
Of the corporations all.  
Could it be, the frenzied people,  
Samson-like, would cause their fall.

Still I see great social evils,  
Institutions meant for good,  
Many social laws and customs,  
By most men misunderstood,  
Plainly seen by close observers  
Making for the life impure,  
Tending downward in a movement  
Imperceptible but sure.

But I grant some laws and customs  
Which, before, I thought were bad,  
Now, I see, are based on reason ;  
And this light I should have had  
Ere I sought to urge the people  
Through the worst of social storms,  
Long before I ever started  
Such far-reaching world reforms.

Blessed with light and inspiration,  
Purged, my soul, as if by fire,  
Unassailed by dread forebodings  
Of a race convulsion dire,  
Hope from death now resurrected  
In a soul where faith supreme  
Urges on a new ambition  
That I may my past redeem ;

## The Golden Leaves.

51

Thus I see a brighter prospect,  
For myself a mission grand,  
For the race a state ideal,  
Blighted not by anarch's hand.

We shall work for human progress  
On the lines which God designed,  
Making use of methods only  
Which in Nature's plan we find.  
Looking forward to a future  
Of a people now in thrall,  
To a future fraught with dangers  
Greatly feared by nations all;  
Now I see our great reformers  
Guide with care **the** ships of state  
Through the breakers to a harbor  
Safe from all caprice of fate.

There I see a happy people  
Guided e'er by Nature's light,  
Passion held in bonds of reason,  
Greed reduced to helpless plight,  
Unrestrained by lust and envy,  
Men and women breathe the same  
Growth-inspiring air of freedom,  
Christ-like life their highest aim.

Such reforms, though deep and thorough,  
Well I see are brought about,  
Not by useless, blind destruction,  
But by careful weeding out.





1991









